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A TRIO THAT MUST GO.

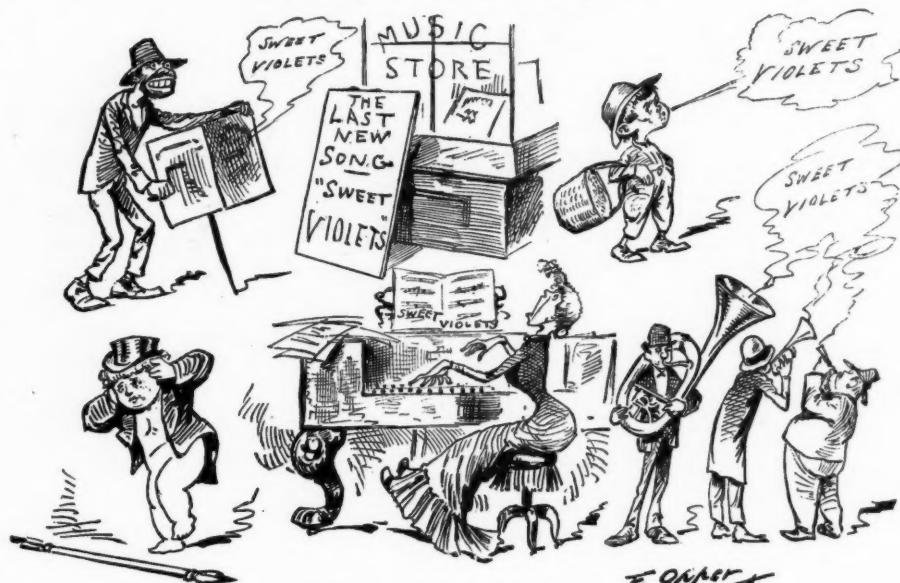


FIRST-PAGE CARTOON—A Trio That Must Go  
CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.  
Volume XIV.  
Take Them Away!—illustrated.  
Plight of a Princess.  
A Matter of Course—illustrated.  
PUCKERINGS.  
Summer Garments.  
The Four Seasons—illustrated.  
Life a Blank—poem—Adolphus Silkworm.  
The Politician's Inquisitive Son.  
Striking an Average—illustrated.  
A Great Mystery.  
FREE LUNCH.  
In Memory of Vandyke Brown (Marc E. Cook,—poem—  
John L. McCallum.  
"Hark! Deferred Maketh the Heart Sick"—illustrated.  
The Californian Conclave.  
FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CCXCVII.—More Dis-  
tinguished Visitors.  
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A Hard Case—illustrated.  
PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.  
CENTRE-PAGE CARTOON—The Great Rival Advertising  
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Champagne *versus* Water.  
Which Shall It Be?—illustrated.  
If You Can't Go Out of Town—illustrated.  
The Little White Turnip.—R. K. M.  
PUCK'S EXCHANGES.  
LAST-PAGE CARTOON—The Coming Western Jail.—How to  
Get Ahead of the Lynchers.



That is where Christmas differs from PUCK. PUCK comes fifty-two times a year, as most people have found out; but he makes a special call twice a year, after twenty-six weeks of hard toil. Then he takes breath, and contemplates his work, and sees that it is good. Well, he is satisfied if you are, and you have not been backward in telling him so in many ways. And

## TAKE THEM AWAY!



WILL THEY *EVER* FADE?

what more could be desired? PUCK is not so young as he used to be. Neither is he so very old. This is his six-and-a-halfth birthday, and he grows stronger and jollier all the time.

He never felt better than he does now. Perhaps it is from the consciousness of being honest and good, and trying to make everybody happier. But his work is not half finished yet. Indeed, it has scarcely begun. Oh! there is a great deal to do; but the prospect does not scare him the least little bit. He is not that kind of a PUCK. He is going to keep at it all the time until the Earth gets tired of revolving on its axis, when he'll move to another planet. And if his friends—and there are a great many of them—continue to co-operate with him as they have been doing all along, there is no fear of his being unable to carry out the big contract he has undertaken.

What a grand time they are having out West! And are not Mr. Villard and Uncle Rufus happy? They certainly ought to be; and the amount that both of these gentlemen have invested in making their enterprises a success should insure a very handsome return for the risk. Uncle Rufus is strictly American in his methods, while Mr. Villard seeks to please Europeans. Not that he would object to supply Americans with all the stocks they are willing to take off his hands; but he sees greater fame and fortune in the good will of European aristocrats.

This is why he has scattered his ready money lavishly, and has imported such a very well-assorted invoice of choice and swell foreigners. He himself, or his agent, must have spared no pains in making the selection of German barons, English lords and members of Parliament to furnish the show. And what will be the result? Distinguished foreigners, as a rule, are grateful for hospitality. They will return home delighted with their reception. They will remember the floods of champagne and the gorgeous palace-cars and the "gold spike," and will immediately set about thinking of the best way to show their appreciation of the honor done them.

It will not take them very long to think. The Villard stocks, especially Northern Pacific, will rise like the mercury in the tube on a hot day. And there won't be a historic house in Europe whose strong-box will be without it. How long the historic houses will care to retain the stock remains to be seen. The Northern Pacific did not begin very well, although it may finish better. It is just ten years ago this month that Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., of Philadelphia, Washington and New York, met with a little business difficulty to the tune of eleven millions of dollars. Cause—Northern Pacific Railroad.

But Mr. Jay has recovered from his trouble, and little birds waft to our ears the news that Mr. Villard has invited him to be present at the driving of the silver or gold spike—we are not quite sure as to the preciousness of the metal. Uncle Rufus's attractions are well enough; but then, you see, they are only American—and people will rush to see Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Langtry, when they will neglect home talent. Oh, yes, the big money of the season will be made by Showman Villard. Uncle Rufus may do a fair business; but he wanted to be too patriotic, and Americans like a little foreign talent in theirs. Mr. Villard is giving it to them.

Now are the winter days of our discontent made glorious summer by the continual call for PUCK ON WHEELS for 1883. In fact, our discontent has no more winter—no winter, no frozen ears, no slippery walks. It has nothing but summer—summer with its moonlight, its babbling brooks, its waving corn-fields, its shady Lover's Walk, its balmy bowers of dreamy solitude, where a poet might sit down on a fallen tree, and silently revile tradespeople, and marvel upon the surest method of raising a pair of shoes for the winter.

What throws our discontent into this picturesque attitude? Is it the visit that Lord Coleridge paid us last week? Is it because Vanderbilt called and took us out for a ride behind his fastest team, yesterday? Is it because President Arthur sent us a fine basket of fish, caught by him while running the Government out West—or rather performing his official duties at long range?

No, it is none of these reasons. It is simply because **PUCK ON WHEELS** for 1883 is out fishing all over the country. **PUCK ON WHEELS** is recognized by the conductors of every railroad in the country, and doesn't have to exhibit a ticket to go over the road.

Price twenty-five cents, of all news-dealers. By mail, to any part of the world, 30 cents.

## PLIGHT OF A PRINCESS.

While the country is over-run, at the present moment, with many titled and distinguished visitors, it is but meet that we should know something about the distinguished people who have remained behind in Europe.

The New York *Herald* and its pink tender, the *Evening Telegram*, have, fortunately, enabled us to do this, and the most painful item of aristocratic news that has come to us through the columns of these journals is that a princess was recently in "an unfortunate plight."

The princess in question is a young woman known as Miss Beatrice Wettin, otherwise a royal Princess of England, and the way her troubles came about was as follows:

She was returning from Aix les Bains, where she had been sojourning for the benefit of her health.

It is not a remarkable thing for people to go to Aix les Bains for their health. Common people, as well as royalty, go there for the same purpose, and do not always succeed in gaining their object.

Well, the royal Miss Wettin was in a railroad-car. She was wrapped in balmy slumber, and it was three o'clock in the morning.

"One of the wheels of the royal carriage took fire"—(we quote the *Telegram*): "The train was immediately stopped, and the railway officials of France being no respecters of persons, the royal travelers were ordered, without the slightest ceremony, to 'descendez de voiture à l'instant.' The princess was sound asleep, and the guard, after no little difficulty, woke her up. She implored a few minutes' delay on account of being 'en toilette de nuit.' Her Royal Highness soon stepped out on the platform enveloped in a warm tartan cloak. After twenty minutes' delay in a *voiture*, she arrived safely in Paris, and then was off for the Isle of Wight and Balmoral."

Now is not this a pretty, delicate, interesting story with which to paralyze the ocean cables? Let us analyze it.

It will be noted that when the fire was discovered the train was immediately stopped. This was an odd proceeding. Why should a train that is on fire be stopped? The usual practice is to let it run on as if nothing had happened.

Then we are told that the railway officials of France being no respecters of persons, the royal travelers were ordered, without the slightest ceremony, to "descendez de voiture à l'instant." This, of course, was the exact expression made use of.

They did not say: "Now, then, hurry up out of this, young woman"; or, "Lie there as long as you please"; but simply, in their native tongue: "Descendez de voiture à l'instant."

Then, it appears, there was some little difficulty in waking the princess up. It is said that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"; but, although the princess is daughter of a crown, her head could not have been lying very uneasily if she slept so well while a car-wheel was on fire. Nevertheless, she implored a few minutes' delay on account of being "en toilette de nuit."

We do not know the precise meaning of *toilette de nuit*, but imagine it must be some kind of night-costume. And was not that the proper costume to be in? Would the French officials have had her appear in the uniform of a field-marshal, or in Esquimaux national dress, or in chain-armor?

At last she stepped on the platform in a warm tartan cloak. Remember, dear readers, it was a tartan cloak. It was not a seal-skin sacque, or a Bannockburn tweed ulster, or one of her mother's India shawls that Beatrice wore; but a tartan cloak. One that had, perhaps, enveloped the young woman's shoulders when in the bracing atmosphere of Balmoral.

We wonder if the *Herald* correspondent made a sketch of the tartan on the spot. And what particular variety of tartan was it, anyway? Was it Royal Stewart or Gordon, or was it tartan at all? And yet some people say that there is no news in the papers!

## Puckerings.

SONG OF THE BANK CASHIER—"My Canada, my Canada!"

OVER THE GARDEN WALL—The Boot that is Flying Catward.

AN ENGLISH MAN OF LETTERS—The Prince of Wales, who is H. R. H., K. G., K. T., K. St. P., K. B., S. I., L. L. D., etc.

A CORRESPONDENT WISHES to know if "tre-pan" and "knee-pan" is a perfect rhyme, and if it has ever been used.

IT DOESN'T hurt a man's back half so much to bend over at bowling, when he rolls twenty-pound balls, as it does to bend over to black his shoes.

AH, VERY SOON

Another moon,

And then the bard will sigh:

"Give me, oh, give me a pumpkin-pie!"

YOUNG LADIES will soon return from the seashore, and then their old bathing-suits will be worked over into rag-carpet, flat-iron holders and a bed for the dog.

TWO MUSICIANS in Indiana are in love, and they have attracted some attention by adjusting a concertina between the gate and the gate-post, and playing love-ditties on the instrument while swinging to and fro.

A MEDICAL AUTHORITY says that in most parts of New Jersey malaria doesn't rise more than eight feet. Now, would it not be a good scheme for the natives of that State to learn to live on stilts, like shepherds in the provinces of France?

AH, THE negro is glum,

As he bites on his thumb,

And this from his mouth escapes:

"Indeed, now, I wish hooks—

Especially fish-hooks—

Were not hung among the grapes."

ONE OF the mysteries of human nature is that a woman can wind her hair up like a rope and stuff it in her mouth with a lot of hair-pins, and still be able to distinctly utter more words in two minutes than a man can say in a week, or a short-hand reporter take down in three days.

IT WOULD not be a bad scheme to send the American Navy through the Niagara Rapids. If the Navy should be swamped and destroyed, it would then be a good thing to send Robeson into the whirlpool. But if we value our Navy, and it should manage to escape from Robeson in the night and get on the other side of the Rapids, it would be a fine idea to see what effect the whirlpool would have on a cat before allowing the Navy to venture through.

SOME ONE says there is no rhyme for "ginger."

When fire singes, isn't fire a singer?

When man cringes, isn't man a cringer?

When gold fringes, isn't gold a fringer?

When anything impinges, isn't that thing an impinger?

When anything tinges, isn't that thing a tinger?

My boy, when you're downed by the apple green,

Don't kill yourself with a der-ringer;

Best take some cognac, I ween,

Mixed with a little Jamaica ginger.

## A MATTER OF COURSE.

(SCENE:—Political Graveyard.)



REPUBLICAN:—"THERE'S AN EMPTY GRAVE AROUND HERE FOR ONE OF US."  
DEMOCRAT:—"BEGORRA, IT'LL JUST BE MY LUCK TO BLUNDER INTO IT."



## SUMMER GARMENTS.

It is now the precise season of the year at which the artistic foot-gear known as the Oxford-tie peters out. Either the heels are run over so badly that the owner slants like a man on shipboard in a storm every time he steps, or else the soles become as thin as the coffee you get at a sea-side cottage, or a small hole appears in the toe.

Then the questions which arise are: Shall I have them re-heeled? Shall I have them patched on the toe? Shall I have them half-soled? Shall I purchase a new pair? These are grave questions, dearly beloved, and they are questions which almost every young man asks himself at this time of the year. The arguments for and against the purchase of a new pair are many.

A new pair will last half way through next summer. On the other hand, the old pair mended will last this season—a position which enables the wearer to purchase a high pair, and then get a new pair next June. Then, perhaps next June he will be out of employment, and without the necessary shekels to purchase a new pair.

Then, if he gets a new pair, every one will say he is extravagant and reckless; whereas, if he has the old pair mended, people will notice them, and say he has no pride, to go among young ladies in patched shoes. If he went among the same young ladies in a new pair, they would certainly say he was living beyond his means, and probably robbing his stomach to cover his feet like a Chicago damozel.

This proves that a half-worn-out Oxford-tie places a man in a terrible position—a position in which he is perfectly helpless, and at the mercy of mad and heartless critics.

And it is ever so with a suit of summer clothing, dearly beloved. When the young man comes out in June in a new suit of light clothing, every one likes to look at him because he is the harbinger of the summer. He is just as much the harbinger of summer as the blue-bird is the harbinger of spring, the golden rod is the harbinger of autumn, and the buckwheat-cake is the harbinger of winter.

But shortly after one has looked at the young man in the light suit of clothes that belongs as much to the summer as the pork-chop and the persimmon belong to autumn, the trousers wear out, while the light suit of summer clothing loses its shape. And the young man notices it, too, and doesn't know what to do.

The trousers are all bagged at the knees and out of shape, and if the young man has them pressed that he may wear them through the autumn, the very lightness of the shade will give them a summery character that will place them within the pale of criticism during the Fall.

Besides, they are getting threadbare, and it would never do for him to have them patched, because he could never go into society patched. Then he thinks of getting a new pair; but suddenly relinquishes this idea, because it is not fashionable to wear light clothes in the autumn.

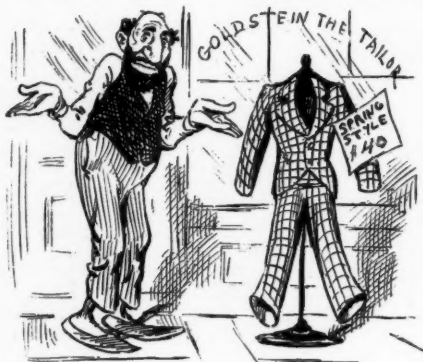
But, after all, another idea strikes him. He will have his coat and vest dyed black, and purchase a new pair of trousers. But if he has his coat and vest dyed, all the dye will come off on his collar, and he will always smell like a dye-factory. Besides, it would be better to have a new pair of trousers made, and then the young man would practically have a new suit for next summer.

But then the styles may be entirely different next summer, and the young man doesn't order the extra pair of trousers; but keeps the coat and vest of the suit to wear, unseen, beneath an overcoat during the coming winter, and gives the trousers to a tramp.

Then comes the straw hat. No man likes to

purchase a new straw hat during the month of September. He would as soon buy a winter hat in July, or a bathing-suit in January. He would as soon think of pawning his ulster in midwinter, or his steam-yacht in June, or starting across a dreamy vista of pond-lilies in midsummer in an ice-boat, or riding down-hill in a sleigh in August, or playing base-ball in a snow-storm, or going off for a sleigh-ride in a thunder-storm. This is all we know about summer clothing. Selah!

## THE FOUR SEASONS.



SPRING.



SUMMER.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.

## LIFE A BLANK.

A DIERGE OF NEWPORT.

A dude sat by the moaning sea,  
And cried: "To be, or not to be!"  
And sighed, I ween, most wearily—  
Although the sun it shone.

A stranger, as he paced the strand,  
Beheld that dude—head bowed on hand—  
And heard his words; then took his stand  
Before the child of *ton*.

"Oh, tell me, dude," the stranger cried:  
"Why uttered you those words and sighed?"  
With flowing tears, the dude replied:  
"Kind stwanger—*Onslow's* gone."

ADOLPHUS SILKWORM.

## THE POLITICIAN'S INQUISITIVE SON.

"Pa, what does that picture mean of an old horse and 'No Time Here'?"

"That, my son, is our Uncle Sammy, the Sage of Greystone, as he enters the track for the next Presidential Race."

"And, pa, what makes that man standing behind that mule and in front of that goat look so frightened?"

"He is a Republican, my son, and knows that he must go, and is thinking which is the quickest way."

"What makes all those men at that hotel where you took me to dinner the other day stand and whisper and hold each others' coats?"

"They are politicians, my boy, trading offices for next November; so that when the election comes they can tell the working-man and voter that 'honesty in politics is the only safe method of reform.'"

"And why is it, when one man says something and they all groan, that they go to that long counter at the back of the room?"

"He's stuck, my son. Tried to tell them something that he read in London *Punch*, and it paralyzed them so they have to take gin-and-sugar to recover."

"And will all those men that are going to Saratoga get an office?"

"Not all. Most of them will—get left, and those that don't may wish they had."

"And, pa, why did that bad-looking man always go to the counter whenever anybody else went?"

"He is a 'heeler,' my son, at Democratic Primaries, and is getting himself in condition for the coming 'set-to,' as he hasn't had any chance since last year to do it for nothing."

"Will you get an office, pa?"

"No, my son; your father was Second Assistant Dust-pan Holder at the Home for Old and Indigent Dogs, last summer; and as the assessment was five hundred dollars and the fees only two dollars and eighty-six cents, your pa doesn't want it again, as he has no time to attend to it."

"What is an assessment, pa?"

"An assessment is where a man mortgages all he has (and sometimes what he hasn't) and all he expects to have for the next five years, and puts his friends in the hole for all they are worth, and gives the money to a real nice man who pats him on the back and says: 'He's a dead winner by a large majority.' And then—"

"And then what, pa?"

"Well, then, my son, the day is so chilly that 'there's ice in bed,' and the man gets—"

"Gets the office, pa?"

"No—gets left."

"Well, what does the nice man do with the money, pa?"

"Sh!—sh!—sh! No one knows, my son."



# STRIKING AN AVERAGE.



SEATS AND NO FARES.



FARES AND NO SEATS.

## A GREAT MYSTERY.

"Copernicus was a great astronomer," remarked a man, as he poked his head through the office-window, the other day.

The book-keeper went on with his work without looking up.

"Galileo was another," added the man, in a louder tone of voice.

The book-keeper intimated that he hadn't time to talk.

"Demosthenes was a distinguished orator," continued the visitor.

"Don't care if he was the champion book-agent," replied the book-keeper, as he ran up a column of figures.

The old man walked over and helped himself to a cup of ice-water, and returned slowly to the book-keeper. The latter did not look up, but went on with his work. The old man rapped on the wire-work, and when the book-keeper looked up, said:

"Hannibal was a famous general."

"And had a town named after him in Missouri," replied the book-keeper, without looking up: "It would have been awful, though, if he had a town named after him in New Jersey."

"Columbus was the king of navigators!" yelled the old man, enthusiastically.

But the book-keeper was silent.

"Watt discovered steam."

Still the book-keeper did not take his eyes off the column he was adding.

"Virgil was a great heroic poet, and—"

"What of it all?" screamed the book-keeper, as he jumped off his stool and rushed for the telephone, for the purpose of communicating with the Assyrian Pup.

"What of it all—what of it all?" repeated the aged visitor, dolefully: "What of it all? A good deal. They were all great men—very great men, and it will be long before we see their like again; but there was one thing none of them could tell to save themselves."

"What was that?" inquired the book-keeper.

"It was this: They couldn't, or at least they never did tell us why it is that young ladies in ten-dollar silk stockings and kid slippers will never walk in the mud on a lonely country

road, and yet walk across Broadway on a muddy day as often as possible."

Before the old man could say another word, the book-keeper grabbed him by the neck, and rushing out on the walk, swiftly pasted him up on the bulletin-board, where he remained until a shower came up and washed him off.

## FREE LUNCH.

THE PARADOX of paradoxes is that in the marriage ceremony the woman doesn't get in any more talk than the man.

THE REASON that young ladies are not very often presented with flowers during the summer is that roses are not worth thirty or forty cents apiece.

NO MATTER how chicken-hearted a young lady may be, she will always cheerfully undergo the pain of having her ears pierced for a pair of solitaires.

IF A MERMAID were pictured with a croquet-ball under her, she would be even more like a woman, for then she would be a perfect interrogation point.

THE WOMAN who will deliberately walk through a field full of strange cattle without exhibiting the slightest symptom of fear, will jump on a chair and try to swing herself on a chandelier to get away from a mouse.

WHEN A MAN is going to catch a train in the morning, and knows that he has plenty of time to catch it, he cannot hear a factory-whistle or a clam-vender's bell without starting as though shot and quickening his pace.

WHEN A MAN is sitting still, steadfastly gazing at nothing, his wife hasn't a word to say to him; but as soon as he picks up a paper or a book to read, she takes a long breath and almost drowns him with an avalanche of questions.

## IN MEMORY OF VANDYKE BROWN

(MARC E. COOK).

It was not meet that I should pay  
A tribute to the gentle dead  
Of whom I write this August day,  
For whom warm hearts and true have bled—  
Until the ones he loved in life  
Had laid their tributes on his breast;  
Until his loyal, royal wife  
Could say: "A year he's been at rest."

But as the year has passed away,  
And as I loved the poet living—  
And as a something seems to say:  
"Give what you think is worth the giving  
In memory of the gentle soul  
Who crossed the River in his prime—  
Before he'd reached Ambition's goal"—  
To him I'll give my tenderest rhyme.

His mind was like a crystal stream  
That softly runs o'er pebbly beds:  
But life is not a pleasant dream  
To one who on the morrow dreads  
To leave this world for some unknown,  
Some vast impenetrable sphere;  
And so he lived, and made no moan,  
And toiled for those he held so dear.

And many a time he tried to trace,  
By midnight oil or waxen taper—  
When scalding tears ran down his face—  
The phantoms of his brain on paper;  
For well he knew his race was run,  
That all his youthful dreams were over—  
That, perhaps, to-morrow's dying sun  
Would kiss above his grave the clover.

I never walk along Park Row,  
Or through the streets he loved to wander,  
And watch the human ebb and flow,  
But o'er his life and death I ponder.  
I think of all his boyish dreams—  
His airy castles and quaint fancies—  
His fight for life—until it seems  
As if all our lives were sad romances.

I never sit alone at night,  
And look out o'er the sleeping city,  
But he of whom I sadly write  
Fills all my heart and soul with pity.  
I never look up to the face  
Upon me calmly looking down—  
So full of sympathetic grace—  
But what I say: "Dear Vandyke Brown."

JOHN E. McCANN.



"HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK."



DEMOCRATIC OUTCAST:—"Will she ever chuck out that fat Republican cat, and give me a show?"

THE CALIFORNIAN CONCLAVE.

Perhaps you do not know what we mean; and yet, if you have read the papers during the last two or three weeks, you have seen something about it. You must have heard of this wonderfully imposing demonstration of the Knights Templar in San Francisco, of the grand review and parade, of the brilliant execution of the tactics of the Commanderies, and all the rest of it.

Has any one in this wide world, whose opinion is entitled to respect, ever been enabled to find out what a Knight Templar is for? We have taken a great deal of trouble to obtain information on this point; but with no success. And yet there must be something in the business, because we know by a mere glance at a Knight Templar that he is far superior to the usual article of flesh and blood commonly called man.

In the first place, all Knights Templar are "Sir" Knights; and then let us look at some of the wonderful titles of these boss superior lords of creation. There are Grand Captain-Generals, and Past Grand Commanders, and Grand Commanders, and Deputy Grand Commanders, and a Grand Generalissimo, and a Semi-Grand Generalissimo, and a Grand Prelate, and a Grand Standard-Bearer, and a Grand Sword-Bearer, and a Grand Warden, and a Grand Captain of the Guards. Besides which there are a Grand Bootblack and a Grand Bucket-Carrier, a Mighty and Ineffable Extra Grand Bearer of the Infallible Unhit Target, and a Superlative Boss Unabashed Grand Custodian of the Royal William Goats, and the Lord High Imperial Grand Lofty Muckymuck and Bottle-Washer. There are even higher titles than these; but we fear to write them lest we set the paper on fire.

Now all these grand gentlemen, with their followers and retainers, have been having a glorious time in San Francisco. They have marched and counter-marched, and have gone through all kinds of geometrical evolutions. It has been a repetition of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with nodding plumes and bands, and all the pride, pomp and circumstance of mimic war.

Well, this is all very pretty and beautiful and elegant and delightful, and must be very satisfactory to the Sir Knights themselves, as they strut about in their neat but exceedingly un-mediæval uniform, and imagine themselves Sol-

diers of the Cross, and on a par with Richard Cœur de Lion and Godfrey of Bouillon.

But, in spite of all the fine chatter and poetical speechifying, Knights Templar are not important individuals at all. They really do not know for what purpose they are organized, unless it be to have such periodical junketings as we have described. A Knight Templar is no more a representative of what is called Masonry than a chromo represents true art; and Free Masonry is stupid enough as it is without being made more ridiculous by these bogus Soldiers of the Cross.

Again we ask: Why do these Knights Templar exist? What principles do they seek to inculcate? Could we get along without them? To the first and second questions no answer can be given; but we take upon ourselves to answer the third. We can get along very well without them, because most of the inhabitants of the United States have so far been unable to see where all this excess of knighthood comes in.

But, after all, it is none of our business. The Sir Knights are at liberty to enjoy themselves in their own way. This is a free country. They may hold their encampments and imagine themselves crusaders, if they please, for aught we care; but we think they could carry on their child's play without making such a parade of it. But still it is a painful thing that several thousands of fairly good-looking men, presumably possessed of the average amount of intelligence, should dress themselves up like mountebanks, and go through forms, ceremonies and mysterious rites of which they do not know either the origin or the meaning—if they have any meaning at all.

We repeat, this sort of thing is painful in what we are pleased to call an enlightened age. We would say more, but we have no wish to rouse the ire of the Imperial Grand High Grand Boss Knight Templar and his trusty Sir Knights, as they might make it hot for us.

NEVER purchase caramels  
On a Jersey train  
For Mary Jane.  
Never ask the railroad man  
When the next train goes—  
He never knows.  
Never let Fate's murky shadow  
Over your vision float;  
Never buy Amontillado  
On the Rondout boat.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXCVII.

MORE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.



Ya-as, my hand is quite tired, and if I were of an excitable temperament I should be utterly bewildered and aw nervous, owing to the verwy considerable numbah of old fwiends and acquaintances whom I have met durwing the past

few days. They have found their way ovah he-ah to see the countwy.

To shake hands fwequently and wepeatedly is bad fawm. Besides, it is wearwisome. I nevah do it if I can possibly avoid it; but one cah'n't verwy well dwaw back and wefuse to gwasp it, when a fellow pwoffahs his hand, especially when one may not have seen him faw ye-ahs.

I came fwom Newport faw the expwess purpose of going on board the *Gallia* to meet some of these fellows—and aw, by the way, I haven't seen as much of Colerwidge—the Chief Justice—as I should have liked. The fact is, too many of these notables come at once, and I am pwevented fwom showing each one the neces-sarwy and pwopah attention. But, now I have got wid of Capel, I shall be able to look aftah Colerwidge and the othah fellows.

One of the persons first to gweet me on the *Gallia* was Lord Carwington. Carwington is quite a decent—I may say aw a wespectable chap. I have always had a wegard faw him, because he happens to be just the same age as myself. I have had some jolly fun, ye-ahs ago, at his wesidence at High Wycombe Bucks. I have not followed his carwe-ah verwy closely, but I have weason to believe that he is captain or something of the sort in Her Majesty's Body-guard of Yeomen; but I have weally nevah asked him.

"Pon my life," said Carwington to me: "awfully sorwy I shan't be able to see a gweat deal of you; but, you see, we shall soon have to wush away with the west of the party, to be pwesent at the opening of the Northern Pacific Wailwoad. Why, de-ah boy," he continued, as he affectionately patted me on the shoulder: "why cah'n't you manage to come with us? You could act as our *cicerwone*, old fellow, don't yer know?"

I weplied that I would twy, but I doubted verwy much if I should be able to go faw the same weason that I wegretwfully wefused to accompany the Pwesident on his extensive perweginations.

Hutchinson, of the Woyal Enginee-ahs—a major-generwal, I believe—was anothah fellow that it gwatified me to see.

Then there were severwal M. P.s, whose names I cannot wemembah. Gurdon, who is weported to be cashier to the Queen, also was with the party, togethah with a whole wegiment of city fellows. I mean men who are in business in the city—those in twade, ye know—such as Sydney Waterlow, who is a barwonet and an M. P. He intwoduced himself to me, and told me that he intended taking a twip arwound the world; but does not, I believe, belong to the wegulah specially-invited party. I wathah think I wemembah hearwing his name befaw.

I weally cah'n't blame the dirwectahs of the Northern Pacific Wailway faw twying to get all these people ovah he-ah to weport favorably on the pwoperty, that they may be able to sell the shares in the London market aw at a verwy high pwice aw.



## DISAPPOINTMENT.

[A WOMAN SPEAKS.]

For the sake of recreation,  
Once I asked an explanation  
From a young man, (no relation,  
What was meant by "osculation,"  
While I shifted my location  
To invite the sweet sensation.

Well, imagine my vexation  
When he gave me the translation  
And its Latin derivation,  
And a lot of information,  
Like a pedagogue's oration,  
Just as if he were at school—  
Was n't he an awful fool?

B. W. DAVIS.

## Answers for the Anxious.

On articles refused their writer's stuck;  
They—and the stamps—are not returned by PUCK.  
F. W. K.—Your sentiments do you honor; but your  
verse doesn't.

HASELTINE.—Beauty born of murmuring sound has  
passed into her face.

W. R.—You had better write another dirge on the  
"Dirge" you sent us. That one is retired.

"CASTOR."—Go away and hire another nom de  
plume. "Castor"—you're a healthy castor! Why, your  
lack of salt would get you disowned at a third-rate board-  
ing-house table.

S. J. T.—Apply to our Advertising Department if you  
wish to have your "Ode to a Watterson" inserted. We  
like gratitude and reciprocity in the abstract; but in the  
concrete we are business from the word go.

L. R. MCE. N.—Your acrostic is very pretty; but  
unless your girl really spells her name "Anible Hos-  
cins," we shouldn't like to raise undue hopes in the  
hearts of the spelling reformers by printing it.

NINA.—If you're the rosebud thing we think you are,  
with a pursed-up mouth and tangled golden hair and a

provoking little dimple jabbed into each cheek, you are  
just the girl the country needs to go off and head a strike  
of female poets. Begin with yourself, and let the other  
sisters congeal around you as a nucleus, as it were.

WILLIAM MCGEE.—Yes, dear boy, the dandelions are  
withering, and the golden-rod is on the hills. We have  
n't been out to look; but we can swear to the fact, be-  
cause we have been told so by about eighty-seven poets  
already, and a poet never gets hold of any news until it  
has lasted long enough to be esteemed solid, if only on  
account of its age. But we don't believe the readers of  
this paper need your poem to enable them to intellect-  
ually annex these botanical facts. When you've got  
something real new and nice, William, in the poetry  
way, telegraph it along. If your Muse gets an exclusive  
report of a steamboat explosion or a dog-fight, wire on  
your hexameters—we don't mind the expense.

THOSE TWO gentlemen at the corner of the street are  
not going to knock each other out. Nor is one of them  
suffering from the effects of eating an unripe apple.  
They are as gentle as doves, and are simply delegates to  
the Deaf Mute Convention talking about the weather.

The *Manhattan* for September has reached us, and  
we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best number of this  
magazine yet issued. The illustrations have improved  
very much in the last two or three months. "Beatrice  
Randolph," by Julian Hawthorne, is continued; "A  
Grave Matter of Fifty Years Ago," by Benjamin Taylor,  
is clever. Then there is "Excommunicated for Lazy-  
ness," by William M. Baker, and "My Diary in the En-  
gadine," by Kate Field. "Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the  
Apostle of Beauty," is by Joel Benton, the well-known  
poet. Kinahan Cornwallis lets himself loose on "Amer-  
ican Literature and Authorship"; but tells nothing  
about the spring poet and the man with an item in rela-  
tion thereto. "A Voyage of Discovery," by E. R. Shaw,  
is water-tight and thoroughly seaworthy. Besides all this  
great feast, there are poems by Louise Chandler Moul-  
ton, Herbert E. Clarke, William T. Peters, E. W. All-  
derdice, John James Piatt, S. M. B. Piatt and others.  
"Recent Literature," "Town Talk" and "Salma-  
gundi" are all up to the high-water mark.

## PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



The Kiralfy Brothers have never produced anything  
in the way of spectacle and originality equal to "Excel-  
sior," now successfully running at NIBLO'S GARDEN.  
The cast does not consist of deaf mutes, but it might just  
as well; for the characters in "Excelsior" converse only  
with their legs and eyes, with an artistic and Terpsi-  
chorean grace and finish which is the Kiralfian trade-  
mark. Those who neglected to drink in all the military  
beauties of Peekskill Camp, last July, can enjoy a very  
fair substitute for the open-air campaign by going to the  
GRAND OPERA HOUSE and taking in "Her Atonement."  
They will not only enjoy the spectacle of a number of  
"supes" marching to the war in army overcoats, but will  
also be treated to an exciting plot, full of rapid action  
and plain talk, which will act as an appetizing cocktail  
for the regular dishes of the season.

Just as we thought the word "dude" was about to dis-  
appear from the language, he looms up on the stage in  
the guise of *Sir Chauncey Trip*, at the TWENTY-THIRD  
STREET THEATRE. *Sir Chauncey* is an avowed dude,  
and Mr. W. J. Ferguson is announced to wrestle with  
the part. The case, as we go to press, is in the hands  
of the jury. Look here, MADISON SQUARE THEATRE,  
why do you try our souls by keeping on "The Rajah"  
for an eternity? We do not object so much to "The  
Rajah" as we do to the eternity. Any misguided indi-  
vidual who labored under the impression that the Majiltons  
had disappeared has probably discovered his error by  
this time; for the Majilton European Company, in the  
farical comedy of "Frolics of a Day," is now at the  
FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, of which establishment  
Mr. Samuel Colville is lessee and manager. Mr. Duff's  
particularly well-selected opera company, now singing  
at DALY'S THEATRE in "Heart and Hand," will soon  
go on the road; and they will warble their way through  
the country in triumph, and will tackle, during their  
journeyings, some heavy-weight operas.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett ought to feel happy, because he  
has an interesting, heroic, romantic and picturesque play.  
Mr. George H. Boker's "Francesca da Rimini" will  
carry Mr. Barrett all through the season. It is well—in-  
deed, almost extravagantly mounted, and the STAR  
THEATRE heard some good old-fashioned applause on  
Monday night of last week, when the piece was first pre-  
sented. For particulars of the plot, which belongs to  
poetry and history, we refer PUCK's readers to the daily  
papers of last week. All that is left for us to proclaim  
in trumpet-tones is that Mr. Lawrence Barrett is ear-  
nest and conscientious as *Lanciotto*, the mis-shapen hero,  
and at times makes us forget his faults by his careful and  
thoughtful acting. Mr. Otis Skinner, as *Paolo*, the dude  
brother, is also entitled to a liberal chunk of praise, while  
Mr. Louis James played the fool, *Beppo Pepe*, with much  
vigor and Satanic unction. Miss Marie Wainwright, as  
*Francesca*, looked and acted quite well enough to make  
the necessary trouble between the brothers. We think  
the play might be improved by having a few additional  
corpses in the last act. We counted only three when  
the curtain fell. The season at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN  
THEATRE is now in its preliminary swing. "The Silver  
King" is the dainty dish set before the people this week.

## A HARD CASE.



HE WON'T BE "MASHED."





OFFICE OF "PUCK," 23 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.

# THE GREAT RIVAL ADVERTISING SH

SHOWMAN VILLARD:—"Step up and invest! Here you have English Lords, German Barons, Foreign Authors, Bankers, Poets—all imported expressly for this show, at enormous expense!"





SING SHOWS TO "BOOM UP" STOCKS.

UNCLE RUFUS:—"Here you are! This is the only genuine patriotic American show. Put your money here!"



## BIRDS AND BEASTS.

## I.

A bird built her nest on the roof of a school-house on the outskirts of Rondout, and felt very happy. But while she was away collecting worms for her little ones, the latter noticed a boy place a bent pin on the teacher's chair, and saw the teacher jump as though assisted by dynamite.

That afternoon one of the little birds flew into the school-room through a broken window-pane, secured the identical bent pin, and placed it in the nest to see how it would affect the old bird. When the latter came home that night she settled down so hard on the pin that great tears formed in her eyes, and she was sorely distressed and ill at ease.

Then she drew her family around her, and told them a story about a little boy she once saw tangled up in an osage-orange hedge, and how he almost yelled the top of his head off while she sat on a twig and smiled:

"And I never knew what he must have felt until I sat on that bent pin a few minutes ago. Now that you have incapacitated me from bringing you food, you must bring me food."

And when the little birds flew off to procure worms for the old bird, the latter softly smiled, and said:

"Would not little Alice, Maud, Gladys and Mordaunt feel mean if they knew that I didn't sit on the pin at all, and that I am playing off sick that I may be fed? I shall work this scheme for at least a week. I shall live like a retired politician, while my little ones flop around among the wet and soggy rose-bushes to find me worms."

And Mrs. Reuel Stacy Porter drew the pin out of the nest with her bill, and dropped it over the edge.

## II.

A South American traveler recently returned to the North, and brought with him some kind of a rare bird which he had trapped in Patagonia. The peculiarity of the bird was his bill. The bill was as much greater than the bird as the plumber's bill is greater than the plumber.

The bird's long bill made him quite a nuisance.

One day he was detected picking the lock of a writing-desk.

On another occasion he was caught up-stairs. He had gone into Clara's room, and had taken out a box of new kid gloves that she had just received from Paris and had never tried on.

The bird was sitting on the bureau stretching the gloves. He would run his bill down into the fingers, and suddenly open it, and the glove-fingers would stretch out beautifully.

The bird seemed very happy; but when Clara entered the room she let off a shriek that you could sharpen a slate-pencil on, and grabbed the bird, and took him out and made him bore fresh holes in the ground for the croquet-stakes. After this she made him cut a lot of button-holes for her, and raise some objectionable nails out of the stoop, and open a box of sardines with his bill, all of which he did with peculiar ease and grace.

One of his great habits, until recently, was to sit on the window-sill and crochet with his bill; but he got tired of this because he was expected to crochet for the family, and he stopped.

Then he became vexed at something the South American explorer did to him, and he filled his bill with water, and squirted it out on the great traveler's shirt-front with the accuracy of a garden-hose.

To make this unpleasant trick impossible, the explorer bored eight small holes in his bill in a row. And now the bird sits under his

## THE GAY GOATS OF GOTHAM.



TRAMP:—"DON'T DISTURB US, OFFICER! HE THINKS I'M ASLEEP, AND I'M GETTIN' A FIRST-CLASS HAIR-CUT FOR NOTHIN'!"

window at night, and places his talons over the holes, as a man does his fingers over the holes of a flute, and plays all the stale airs he can think of, and purposely plays them wrong to make them more hideous.

## III.

Not long ago a zebra was standing outside of a circus. He called a small boy up and said:

"Won't you please count my stripes and tell me how many there are? I am very superstitious, and would like to know. I have often tried to count them myself, but I can't see back far enough. I have counted up to twenty-four, and then my eyes were so badly strained that I had to get into my natural position."

The boy started to count; but before he got to three the zebra had a sort of sudden muscular contraction in one of his hind-legs, and the boy passed out of sight.

Then the zebra called the proprietor of the show over, and said:

"I am a successful zebra, for I just palmed myself off on a little boy with whom I am personally acquainted, and he never recognized me as his uncle's old buff mule, Mike; and I don't believe the public will ever see through me. I shall be more successful in deceiving the public than your Irish Sandwich Islanders. But I'll tell you what you'd better do. You had better have Hussey take the marking-pot and blacken my stripes, because they have faded out a little since yesterday, when I was caught in that thunder-shower in Altoona."

But the "zebra" never knew that he kicked the little boy right into the circus until he saw him from the ring while he was performing one of his marvelous feats on a red-white-and-blue barrel.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## EPITAPH

ON A DEAD SIX-DAY PEDESTRIAN.

But when the Sun in all his state  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
He passed through Glory's morning gate,  
And walked in Paradise.

—James Aldrich.

## A TRAGEDY.

While out in the country, not long ago, seated beneath a tree that was spreading, breezy and extremely green

With Josephine  
Dean,

A little boy on the other side of the way  
Seemed to be pretty gay  
Because it was a holiday.

But presently he climbed over the wall, and, placing his chest on the edge of the well, looked down. Whereat

We thought he saw a cat.

But we were wrong: he had dropped his hat.

He was tilting back and forth for some time, when suddenly he let out one of the most unearthly of all unearthly squeals.

Then up went his heels;  
And, to make a long  
Story into a little song,  
He fell, with a yell,  
Pell-mell  
Down that well.

And I said, as I witnessed the horrible scene:

"Josephine  
Dean,

That boy will never again be made  
unserene

Over the apple green:

He can't climb up the chain,  
And you won't see him again."

And then I arose, and led forth the blushing  
Sweet seventeen

Josephine  
Dean.

J. MCPHERSON.

Mr. J. McPherson:

When you have anything written like the above  
On Kerosene, Palengensis, on Mrs. Johnson's  
Poodle or Love,

Please come and present it in person;  
And the editor will rub

You down with a club,  
And you'll be washed up by the woman who  
doth scrub, scrub, scrub  
Our floor

Once a week or more.

Now remember, Mr. McPherson,

Your next "pome" please present in person.



# THE PATERNAL MIDNIGHT VIGIL.

By H. C. DODGE.

A hundred laps I've  
run upon this  
freezing floor and  
still my awful son  
tirelessly for  
've knock-  
ing shins; I  
ed my  
head;  
feet are full of  
and nearly dead.  
I've tried to lay  
the rascal down; each time he opened wide his  
eyes and woke the town. Oh! for a moment's  
sleep I'd give my life and all. Awake I can not  
keep. I dare not let him fall. He is too small  
to spank, and quite too big to carry. Three bottles  
full he's drank. Oh, wherefore did I marry? *Two*  
hundred laps are done, and—goodness! he's asleep.  
Now in your cradle, son, you go. How sweet to creep  
in my warm waiting bed. Ah! this, indeed, is bliss. A  
pillow for my head, a wife  
(asleep) to kiss. Now let me  
lay and snore and lose myself  
in dreams, and never, never  
more be wakened  
by those screams. No  
use! the boy's awake  
and yelling now like  
mad. This time, my  
boy, I'll make  
you know  
I am your  
dad. Now, then! why, he  
's asleep. That scream was,  
after all, my usual dream.

## A WISE EDITOR.

He edited the *Babbleton Blade*.  
The man who "did" the funny business was "sampling" at the  
hotel, and oblivious to general surroundings.  
Now the *Babbleton Blade's* twelve subscribers owed their subscrip-  
tions on the strength of the funny column mainly.  
The editor, who was aware of this fact, became crazy and tore his  
hair. N. B.—He belonged to the aristocracy of Babbleton, so this was  
a natural thing to do.  
The editor-in-chief was not funny.  
He had tried his hand once, and his friends told him how sorry  
they were that a portion of his paper had got "pied."  
He never tried again.  
Wise in his generation, he knew the cause of his non-success in this  
particular field.  
He was too happy a man. Life was too smooth with him. Not a  
year passed but what he gained a subscriber or two—even if he lost  
three. He had never been sick, nor attended a funeral. How, then, could  
he be expected to write a humorous article?  
He might be—indeed, he prided himself on being a successful  
obituarist; and he could do justice to a murder or suicide, and could  
grapple with a cyclone, an epidemic or dynamite; but funny editing  
was not his forte.  
The village undertaker, who occasionally supplied a few funny items,  
was too busy to lend his aid, and the editor was *au désespoir*—(bring  
out your French dictionaries!)—when suddenly a happy thought oc-  
curred to him.  
He called in his "local," and to him quoth:  
"Flopper, my dear fellow, how's your toothache?"  
"Agonizing!"  
The editor, concealing a smile of satisfaction, continued:  
"You buried your last surviving relative this week, I believe?"  
"Yes," whimpered the "local," as he blotted out the best part of  
his principal's editorial with a flood of tears.  
"You have largely overdrawn your salary, Flopper?"  
"Yes, sir; thirty-five cents."  
"How about your rent, my dear Flopper?"  
Flopper here produced a notice of ejection.  
The editor rubbed his hands under the desk, gleefully, as he added:  
"I believe your children have the measles, Flopper?"

The "local" only bowed his head, and destroyed what was left of  
the editorial after his previous tempest of tears.

"And, since your wife's death, there is no one to take care of  
them but you, Flopper?"

Here Flopper wiped his eyes, and wrung out his handkerchief into  
the spittoon.

"You must be very unhappy, Flopper?" said the editor with diffi-  
culty suppressing a chuckle.

"The most miserable man on earth, sir."

"Well," said his principal, gravely: "I am going to advance you."

"Thank you, sir."

"We will forget that thirty-five cents, and, instead of giving you  
two dollars a week, we will call it three-fifty in future. I am going to  
discharge Waggles. I have seen signs of jollity in him of late, and  
'Great Grins' are becoming very poor. To you, then, I assign that  
column in future. Should you ever become a happy man again, let me  
know in time to look out for some one to take your place."

It is scarcely necessary to add that Flopper is convulsing Babble-  
ton. That editor was no fool.

Waggles devotes himself almost exclusively to murders now.

B. USTED.

## CHAMPAGNE VERSUS WATER.

The preacher of temperance proclaims that a drink of clear cold  
water out of a spring is better than a glass of champagne. Just bottle  
some of that spring-water, and attempt to sell it at twenty-five dollars  
a case, and see how long it will take you to become wealthy.

On the other hand, go forth and dig and delve deep into the earth  
until you have reached the roots of that spring. And after you  
have done that, just set a champagne-fountain in it, and see if that  
spring will ever remain still enough on the surface for a scum to form  
on it! Why, as soon as discovered, the cow-boys would go down  
to that spring, and stay there and talk, and let the cows go into the  
orchard and eat up all the apples. And after the cows had once tried  
the spring, they wouldn't go into the orchard at all. They would not  
touch the apples. They would stay right at the spring all day, and at  
night would be taken home to yield up their champagne milk-punches.

And whenever a Democratic candidate for office wanted to tell a  
friend all about his platform, he would take that friend right to the  
little wayside spring and tell him there.

And if the owner of the farm found the spring, he would im-  
mediately start a report that he had discovered a champagne well; and  
he would spill champagne in neighboring swamps, that adventurers  
might find it and give him a thousand dollars a foot for the land.

The idea of any one saying spring-water is better than champagne!  
Why, you can't lie down to drink out of a spring without getting  
covered with mud; and you can't drink spring-water without laying in  
a case of malaria, or swallowing a lot of pollywogs or something in  
that line.

At the same time, water is a good thing in its way. It is a splendid  
thing to wash the carriage with, or for the small boy to play on his  
enemy through a garden-hose. And, as some acrobatic Martial once  
remarked: "The worst thing about a temperance hotel is that it always  
keeps the worst whiskey."

## WHICH SHALL IT BE?



BANK CASHIER [whose Wall Street speculations have proved failures]:—  
"Shall I go to Canada, or take a room opposite to the Tombs?"



## IF YOU CAN'T GO OUT OF TOWN—



JUST SIT ON THE ROOF AND GET WELL SUNBURNED, AND THEN GO AROUND AND TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT YOUR CANOEING TRIP ON THE LAKES.

## THE LITTLE WHITE TURNIP.

It has been stated by some gushing poet in a turbulent avalanche of wild highly-colored words that, although there are many epicurean treats in this sad commercial vale of ours, there is not a single one in the whole rosary that begins to make anything like a decent approximation to the little flat white turnip that he used to purloin in the field out by the woods.

He tells with great pathos how he used to go gunning on Saturday when there was no school. And how he wandered through orchards with the other boys, and knocked the song-birds off the low-hanging limbs. And how jealous the other boys were of him because he had a gun; and how they followed him, and offered to carry the birds, and fetch them out of the water, if he would only let them fire the gun off once. And how he let Bill Murphy fire it off, because Bill could lick any boy of his size in the school, and it was an honor to be seen with him, and to enjoy his friendship.

And then he goes on to state that he was afraid to go home to his dinner for fear he would be detained to chop wood and study his Sunday-school lessons, and in that case he would not be able to smoke. At the dinner-hour it was that the turnip was enjoyed, because the apples were all gone, and he hadn't shot any birds to cook. When he started out in the morning he concluded he would have at least half-a-dozen quail to roast, and that is the reason he didn't bring anything along. He didn't even bring toast to put the quail on, for he knew he would get all the toast he wanted in after years in restaurants.

And then he tells how he crept into the field, and plucked the turnips from the ground, and went out and sat on a rail-fence under the berry-tree, and pocketed all the turnips except one, which he held in his hands and peeled with his teeth, and ate while his face fairly glowed with satisfaction—and turnip.

We have been there ourselves. We have gone shooting; we have appropriated the turnips; we have glowed with satisfaction, and grinned with glee, and stretched on the ground and kicked our feet in the air. And no boy ever enjoyed the little white turnip more than we did. But we remember, too, that, while we were lying on our back kicking our feet in the air with delight, the farmer came across the field shouting like an Indian, and swinging a piece

of osage-orange in a sanguinary manner. And we suddenly got upon our feet and ran, because it was Saturday, and we didn't have our school-day shingles on. And we remember how the farmer shouted, and how we ran and ran and ran until the farmer gave up the chase, for fear it would take him too long to return home if he pursued us further.

And it was the thrilling excitement of the chase that made the turnip so good, and we shall never forget one or the other.

But when a man comes forth and states that the little white purple-topped turnip is far superior to any epicurean treat extant, we think he must be a poet who is unacquainted with swell restaurants. We say nothing in disparagement of the little white turnip; but we think there are edibles before which it pales into insignificance every time. For our part, we would much prefer turkey stuffed with chestnuts, calf's-head à la poulette, pate de foie gras, kidneys with champagne-sauce, devilled crabs, and many other things which we cannot think of just now.

R. K. M.

THE yellow fever—The love of gold.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

It is easier to chain lightning than to make a boy keep still when a brass band is passing.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

WHEN one patent medicine will cure so many diseases, it is not understood why druggists keep so many kinds of medicine.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WHEN a death occurs in a Boston family the surviving members eat black beans for a month, as a mark of respect for the dead.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

"I HAVE been with you now three months," said the junior clerk: "and I think I ought to have a salary something nearly commensurate to my service."

"H'm!" replied his employer: "well, times haven't been very good; you haven't had much to do, you know. Couldn't think of giving you more than fifty dollars a month."

CLERK—"Beg pardon, sir; I am not to blame because you haven't done business enough to keep me busy. I expect to get paid for what I know, not for what I do."

EMPLOYER—"Oh! That puts the matter in a new light. I shall give you five dollars a month hereafter."—*Boston Transcript.*

## THE BOY.

When you see a boy on the distant hill-side suddenly leap up into the soft summer air, holding one bare foot tenderly but firmly in the wedded fingers of both hands, while he hops around in irregular but excited orbits, at the same time voicing his grief with wailing shrieks, mellowed by the sunny distance, then, without going to the telephone, you may know that bare-foot boy has trod upon the busy bee that nestled in the perfumed clover.

When you see a boy about 5:45 P. M. with ink on his nose and the grime of chalk on his hands, his hair disheveled and the two upper buttons of his jacket gone, his collar rumpled and his necktie twisted awry, and a suspicious-looking flush and two or three scratches adorning his face, you will know that he was "kep' in" after school, and was taunted for the same by another boy when he came out; and if you want to know the rest of it, it will not be necessary to go into particulars, but just ask him: "Which whipped?" If a joyous look of triumph dances in the exultant eyes, you will know that just around the corner you can find a boy with a bleeding nose and a generally demoralized fagade. But if the lad you question looks downcast, *multis cum lachrymis* begins his oration, like Divitiacus, by saying: "Well, he was a great deal bigger 'n me," you may know that your boy got "licked."

When you see a boy going along in the merry merry sunshine with his hat in his hand, shaking his hair with a pine stick to get it dry, now and then leaning his head on one side, pounding the other side with his hand and practically kicking his feet in the air, in desperate efforts to get the water out of his ears; or when you see him holding a warm stone to his ear for the same purpose, it is a true sign that you may think of that boy, by-and-by, standing speechless when his mother asks him how his shirt came to be wrong side out. You must not run down the street in the direction of his home under the impression that the boy is being basely murdered. You can't kill a boy with a skate-strap. And in hoc signoes you will know that boy has been in swimming when he should have been at school, learning that "twenty-six prepositions are followed by the accusative," all the way from *ad* to *ultra*.—*Robert J. Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE *Journal of Commerce* says the English sparrows must go because they will do nothing to prevent the *Galeruca Xanthomelena* from destroying our elm-trees. But is this right, is it just, is it generous? What do English sparrows know about Latin, anyhow? The *Journal of Commerce* must be trying to make the blood of Charles Francis Adams, jr., boil.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A LADY at one of the Long Branch hotels has already exhibited over forty dresses this summer, and yet the probabilities are that if she has a husband the latter doesn't own more than two pairs of "pants."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LUNDBORC'S PERFUMES,  
EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

Persons apparently in good health, often suffer terribly from Piles. Swayne's Ointment will cure them.

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Over 100 Pages.	Profusely Illustrated.
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PUBLISHERS PUCK.



# BEWARE OF FRAUDS! BROWN, being not an unusual name, those desiring the BROWN'S GENUINE CINGER Must not only see that the BOTTLE is wrapped in Blue Paper and Flask-Shaped, BUT THAT IT BEARS THREE TRADE MARK LABELS in the Colors—Red, White, Black and Blue, and TWO SIGNATURES, and that the Centre of the Steel Engraved Label is occupied by the HEAD OF WASHINGTON. FREDERICK BROWN, PHILADELPHIA.



AMERICAN STANDARD  
BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES,  
New and Second-hand, at Low prices and on easy terms.  
Warerooms: 900 BROADWAY, Corner 20th Street, N. Y.

## THE BEETLE.

The shrilling locust slowly sheathes  
His dagger-voice, and creeps away  
Beneath the brooding leaves where breathes  
The dying zephyr of the day;  
One naked star has waded through  
The purple shallows of the night,  
And faltering as falls the dew  
It drips its misty light.

O'er garden-blooms,  
On tides of musk,  
The beetle booms adown the glooms  
And bumps along the dusk.

The katydid is rasping at  
The silence from the tangled broom;  
On drunken wings the fitting bat  
Goes staggering athwart the gloom;  
The toadstool bulges through the weeds,  
And lavishly to left and right  
The fire-flies, like golden seeds,  
Are sown about the night.

O'er slumbrous blooms,  
On floods of musk,  
The beetle booms adown the glooms  
And bumps along the dusk.

The primrose flares its baby-hands  
Wide open, as the empty moon  
Slow-lifted from the underlands  
Drifts up the azure-arched lagoon;  
The shadows on the garden-walk  
Are frayed with rifts of silver light,  
And trickling down the poppy-stalk  
The dewdrop streaks the night.

O'er folded blooms,  
On swirls of musk,  
The beetle booms adown the glooms  
And bumps along the dusk.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"You are a very martial people," observed  
an English swell, at Newport, to a golden dude  
from the Metropolis.

"Yath," returned the latter: "we licked the  
British in two wahs."

"I didn't allude to that," said the Briton:  
"but to an experience I had last winter in  
Georgia."

"Aw!"

"I went hunting with a party of gentlemen.  
There were ten beside myself. A fowling-piece  
exploded in the midst of us, and—"

"Horwible!"

"—and wounded nine colonels."—*Brooklyn  
Eagle.*

THE Spanish have a proverb: "The man who  
stumbles twice on the same stone is a fool." There  
may be something very profound in that, but we  
fail to see it. We can't see why one good stone,  
that will outlast a dozen lifetimes, isn't just as  
good for a man to do all his stumbling over as a  
great expensive collection of miscellaneous stones,  
so widely scattered that a lost car-agent couldn't  
keep track of half of them. The Spaniards are a  
well-meaning people, but you can't expect very  
much of a people who spell "Hosay" with a "J."—*Hawkeye.*

BABOO MAGOOMDAR is coming to this country  
in September. The popular impression that Baboo  
Magoomdar is a new kind of ape who will travel  
with a circus is wrong. He is one of the most  
eminent preachers and lecturers of India, and has  
been drawing immense audiences in England.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

WHEN Fogg was asked regarding the latest  
additions to the English language, he said he  
would ask his wife. She always had the last  
word.—*Boston Transcript.*

\*"Revenge is too dearly purchased at the price of  
liberty." Is it a disordered liver giving you a  
yellow skin or costive bowels, or do your kidneys  
refuse to perform their functions? If so, take Kidney-  
Wort, and it will restore each organ, ready for  
duty.

Ten drops of **Angostura Bitters** impart a delicious  
flavor to all cold drinks and prevent all Summer Diseases. Try  
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renowned **Angostura**, manufactured only by  
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upon which anyone can play an unlimited number of tunes.  
ANY CHILD CAN PLAY IT.

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\$10.00 and \$25.00 sizes, to the MUSICAL CABINET at  
\$75.00 and the large PIPE ORGANS.  
Illustrated Catalogue free.

MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.,  
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for a retail box, by express, of the best  
Candies in the World, put up in hand-  
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for presents. Try it once.  
Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
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size in Solid Gold, Silver, and Nickel Cases from \$5 to \$150—all  
reliable and each fully warranted. Chains, Rings, Lace Pins, Ear-  
rings, Bangle Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Studs etc., at prices in reach  
of all. Also, bargains in Diamonds.  
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man, and this is the best place to buy it.

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Price list free.



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STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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Restoration  
to Health  
and Beauty  
to the  
**CUTICURA**  
REMEDIES."

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**DISFIGURING** Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the **CUTICURA REMEDIES**.

**CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

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**CUTICURA SOAP**, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from **CUTICURA**, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

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POCKET \$1.00 **ANTI-STYLOGRAPH** \$1.50 DESK  
SIZE (HEARSON'S PATENT U.S.A.) SIZE

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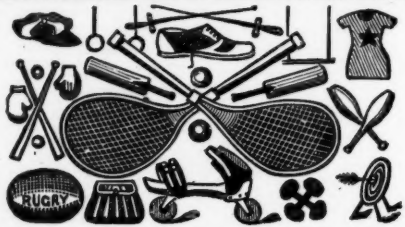
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#### LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. W. Hucklebone, who lives near the Plymouth reservoir, is in town occasionally selling bull-heads.

Isaiah White is digging out the bank back of his residence for a back kitchen. Alonzo White and Marcena Elwood are helping him.

Mrs. I. J. Willmarth, of Glen Aubray, is visiting with her parents, at Beaver Meadow. She attended the Baptist church, in this village, Sunday.

Sixteen heifers, being pastured by Enoch Steward, entered a six-acre field of oats owned by Amos Huntly, Sunday night, and laid in the same all night, so says rumor.—*North Pharsalia [N. Y.] Quill and Press.*

"SIR!" began a stranger, as he walked directly to a business man on South Street yesterday: "I am strictly business."

"So am I."

"Good! I believe every man should furnish money for his own tomb-stone."

"So do I."

"Good, again! I want to raise \$50 to pay for a stone to stand at my grave. What assistance will you render the enterprise? I want a business answer."

"You shall have it, sir. I will aid the enterprise by furnishing the corpse!"

The stranger hurried off without even mentioning the sort of epitaph he designed having engraved on the sacred stone.—*Wall Street News.*

"I CAN swim the whirlpool at Niagara," said a stranger, in a confidential whisper, to a hardware man on Woodward Avenue yesterday.

"Can you?"

"I feel that I can. I should like some advice from you. Would you try it if you were me?"

"No, sir—no sir, I wouldn't think of such a thing. A man who hasn't been in a bathtub for a year, nor had on a clean shirt for a month, wouldn't stand the ghost of a show with a whirlpool. You'd better go and tackle a drink of water and gradually work up to it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

DON'T eat bread. An exchange says while in one loaf there is as much nutriment as there is in a barrel of beer, in a whole big tablespoonful of beer there is not more alcohol than has been developed by fermentation in a barrel of bread. A man drunk on bread is truly a sorry sight. And think of feeding such stuff to innocent children! As a drunkard-maker bread takes the bakery.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG says: "After one has been to Paris one thinks more of art and less of dollars." Clara has evidently seen an American bonanza king pay a French artist ten thousand dollars for a five-hundred-dollar picture.—*Norristown Herald.*

Men of all ages, who suffer from Low Spirits, Nervous Debility and premature Decay, may have life, health and vigor renewed by the use of the **Marston Bolus treatment WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICATION.** Consultation free. Send for descriptive treatise. **MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th Street, New York.**



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THEY tell a good story of Landlord Roberts, who kept the first hotel at Bar Harbor, some thirty years ago. He was awakened one night by hearing some one traveling about the house, and, lighting a candle, found one of his guests, in full shirt dress, wandering through the rooms.

"What do you want?" said Roberts.

"I want to find the hen-pen," said the man.

"What in thunder do you want of the hen-pen at this time of night?" asked Roberts.

"Well," said the man: "you see, I lost my pillow somewhere, and I wanted to get into the hen-pen and procure a feather and make another."—*Bangor Commercial.*

WEALLY, Edith, I'm a membah of one of the oldest families in the countwy, you know, and I should think a match with me would be verwy desirwable. See?" said a dude to a Philadelphia girl on a hotel porch at Cape May.

"Indeed, I wouldn't have thought so."

"Weally? Why?"

"Oh, because you seem so fresh."—*Philadelphia News.*

THE fox-hunters at Newport missed a fox the other day. Having Henglish 'ounds, 'orses, saddles, redcoats, cords and tops, they procured a Henglish fox, which was in the "death" of several chickens in Connecticut that night, passing over Rhode Island and coming under the State line in 2:11 1/4.—*Boston Transcript.*

A VISIONARY local financier, who had a thousand ways to make a fortune and not a single one to make a living, is described by a friend as "a man so sanguine that the mere getting hold of a shoe-string makes him think he is already the owner of a tannery."—*Washington Sunday Herald.*

THE editor of the only newspaper in Red Bluff, California, is in jail on a charge of murder; but a little thing like that has no effect on him, and his cell is now furnished with pens, scissors and paste-brush, and he sits and works with no fear of duns or other disturbing visitors.—*Hawkeye.*

ROBERT BURNS's shoes, worn by him when a boy, are on exhibition in Portland, Me. No better evidence of Burns's genius is necessary than this, that a pair of shoes worn by him when a boy had enough left of them to exhibit when he cast them off.—*Lowell Citizen.*

If a young married man suddenly stops ice-creaming his newly-made bride, the latter mustn't pout and imagine that he has ceased to love her. Perhaps, good, thoughtful soul that he is, he is saving up to buy her a seal-skin sacque.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

SAID the conductor of a slow-going Western train to an impatient traveler:

"No, we are not much on annihilating space on this road, but we do manage to kill a good deal of time."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

TILDEN will not get sea-sick when yachting. He has taken too many voyages up Salt Lake for that.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

MGR. CAPEL's lecture of last night can easily be summed up: "Get thee to a nunnery."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"The man who knows nothing of Lydia E. Pinkham and her sovereign remedy for women is wanted for a jurymen. The fact clearly proves that he does not read the papers."—*N. H. Register.*

PILES! PILES! PILES!!! Cured without the knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references. DR. A. A. CORKINS, 21 E. 29th St.

According to the AMERICAN NEWSPAPER CATALOGUE of Edward Alden & Bro., Cincinnati, Ohio, just published, containing over 800 pages, the total number of Newspapers and Magazines published in the United States and Canada is 13,186; (showing an increase over last year of 1,028.) Total in the United States 12,179; Canada 1,007. Published as follows: Dailies, 1,227; Tri-Weeklies, 71; Semi-Weeklies, 151; Weeklies, 9,955; Bi-Weeklies, 23; Semi-Monthlies, 237; Monthlies, 1,324; Bi-Monthlies, 12.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 14, 16, 22, 25, 26, 29, 38, 41, 56, 87, 110, 118 and 118 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10c. per copy; and No. 131 at 25c.

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\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, TRICE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Dental Office. PHILIPPINE DIEFENBACH-TRUCHSES. 162 W. 23rd Street, bet. 6th and 7th Aves., New York.

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## Puck's Volks-Kalender For 1884

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Like all our other Publications, the German Edition of "Puck's Annual for 1884" will be a book of superior merit, containing only the choicest humorous and instructive literature.

The Illustrations are by "Puck's" Artists.

As to circulation, "Puck's Volks-Kalender is far ahead of any imported or American Almanac printed in the German language, and, not being a cheap book, it circulates among the best classes of Germans.

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## PUCK ON WHEELS.

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By Mail to Any Part of the World, Thirty Cents.

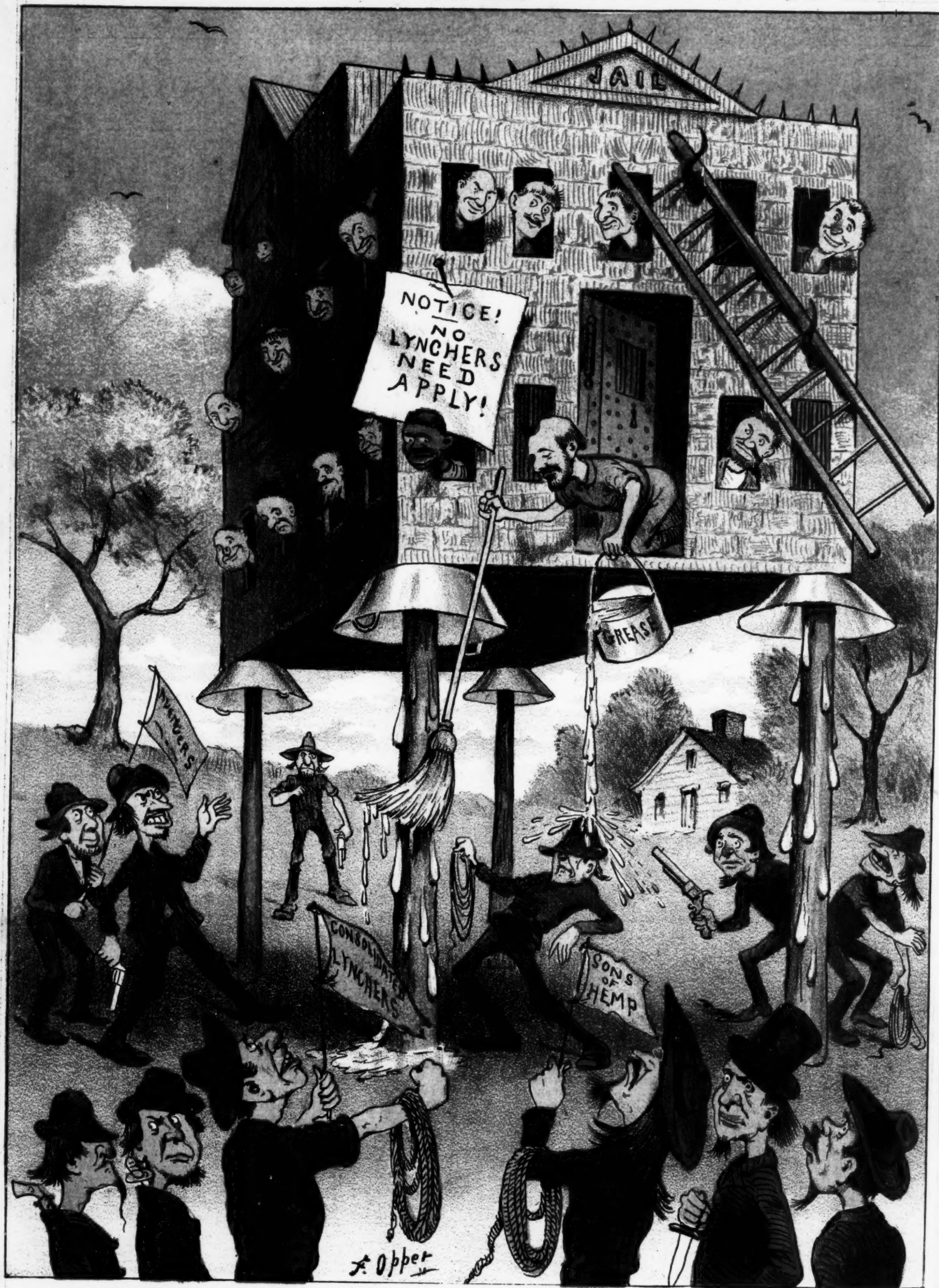
PUCK ON WHEELS for 1883, New York, just issued, is better than any of the preceding numbers. It is filled with numerous exceedingly funny things, and is better than a dose of quinine to tone up the system. "There's sights o' purty picters and lots o' good readin'," as Mrs. Parvenu said when she handed around to her visitors on a waiter some new books she had been buying.—*The Merchant Traveler.*

PUCK is "on wheels" for the fourth time in his career, and shows marked improvement in the quality of his humor, to say nothing of the delightful change in his cover, which comes out adorned with a picture of PUCK in a steam-yacht, which seems to be drawn by two dolphins or codfish, but is really drawn by F. Graetz, as his signature in the corner attests. It is a capital number.—*Detroit Free Press.*

That bright and merry little fellow, PUCK, waits until the last of July to have his "Fourth"—we mean the fourth issue of that very funny batch of humor and nonsense known as PUCK ON WHEELS. The current number of this publication is as bright as possible, and fairly bubbles over with good things.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

PUCK ON WHEELS, for the summer of 1883, is a late admirable publication of Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann. It is brimful of humorous sketches, paragraphs and poems, and the illustrations with which it abounds are exquisite.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*





THE COMING WESTERN JAIL.—HOW TO GET AHEAD OF THE LYNCHERS.